VVith this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my *heart* he ſets his *ſword*,
Swearing, vnleſſe I tooke all patiently,
I ſhould not to ſpeake another word.
So ſhould my *ſhame* ſtill reſt vpon *record*,
And neuer be forgot in mighty *Rome*
Th'adulterate death of *Lucrece* and her *groome*.

Mine *enemy* was *ſtrong*, my poore ſelfe *weake*,
(And farre the weaker with ſo ſtrong a feare)
My bloudy *Iudge* forbad my *tongue* to ſpeake,
No rightfull *plea* might plead for *Iuſtice* there.
His ſcarlet *luſt* came euidence to ſweare,
That my poore *beauty* had purloin'd his *eyes*;
And when the *Iudge* is rob'd, the *priſoner* dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne *excuſe*,
Or (at the leaſt) this refuge let me finde:
Though my groſſe *bloud* be ſtaind with this *abuſe*,
Immaculate, and ſpotleſſe is my *minde*,
That was not forſt, that neuer was inclin'd
To acceſſary *yeeldings*, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poiſon'd cloſet yet indure.

Loe here the hopeleſſe *Merchant* of his loſſe,
VVith *head* inclin'd, and voice dam'd vp with *woe*,
VVith ſad ſet *eies* and wretched armes acroſſe.
From *lips* new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that ſtops his anſwere ſo.
But wretched as he is, he ſtriues in vaine,
What he breathes out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an *Arch*, the violent roaring *Tide*,
Out-runs the *eye* that doth behold his haſte:
Yet in the *Edie* boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the *ſtrait* that forſt him on ſo faſt:
[illegible] *rage* ſent out, recald in *rage* being paſt;
[illegible] ſo his *ſighs*, his *ſorrowes* make a ſaw,
[illegible] griefe on and back the [illegible]

Which ſpeechleſſe *woe* of his, poore ſhe attendeth,
And his vntimely *frenzie* thus awaketh,
Deare *Lord*, thy ſorrow to my *ſorrow* lendeth
Another *power*, no *floud* by raining ſlaketh,
My *woe* too ſenſible thy *paſſion* maketh,
More feeling paineful, let it then ſuffice
To drowne one *woe*, one paire of weeping *eyes*.

And for my ſake when I might charme thee ſo,
For ſhe that was thy *Lucrece*, now attend me,
Be ſuddenly reuenged on my *foe*,
Thine, *mine*, his *owne*, ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt, the *helpe* that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the *Traytor* die:
For ſparing *Iuſtice* feeds *iniquity*.

But ere I name him, you faire *Lords*, quoth ſhe,
(Speaking to thoſe that came to *Colatine*)
Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me,
VVith ſwift purſuit to venge this *wrong* of mine,
For tis a meritorious faire *deſigne*,
To chaſe *Iniuſtice* with reuengefull *armes*, (harms.
Knights by their *oaths* ſhould right poore *Ladies*

At this *requeſt*, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent *Lord* began to promiſe aid,
As bound in *knighthood* to her impoſition,
Longing to heare the hatefull *foe* bewraid.
But ſhe that yet her ſad *taſke* hath not ſaid,
The *proteſtation* ſtops. O ſpeake, quoth ſhe,
How may this forced *ſtaine* be wipt from me?

What is the *qualitie* of mine *offence*,
Being conſtrain'd with dreadfull *circumſtances*
May my pure *mind* with the foule *act* diſpence,
My low declined *honour* to aduance?
May any *termes* acquit me from this *chance*?
The poyſoned *fountaine* cleares it ſelfe againe,

Vpon the relation of *Lucrece* her rape, *Colatine* and the reſt ſwear to reuenge but this ſeems not full ſatiſfaction to her loſſes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Rape of Lucrece* (STC 22352) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3717) Octavo